

ALLIES ARE STILL SURE OF VICTORY

Continued from Page One.

referred. The Austrian and German troops hadly pursued the Russians and captured many prisoners.

AMERICAN RED CROSS ON WAY TO RUSSIA.

The Associated Press, London, Oct. 6.—Twenty-four American nurses and six doctors, members of the Red Cross, are on the way to Petrograd. The party will proceed tomorrow by way of Rangoon, Calcutta, and the United States. The party will be in Petrograd in the next few days. The party will be in Petrograd in the next few days. The party will be in Petrograd in the next few days.

ANTWERP REPORTS.

By Associated Press, Antwerp, Oct. 6.—News described as "most encouraging" has been received here today from Antwerp. It is said that the German attack on that place seems to be slackening somewhat in intensity. The German attack on that place seems to be slackening somewhat in intensity. The German attack on that place seems to be slackening somewhat in intensity.

It has been announced here by a reliable authority that Winston Spencer Churchill, first lord of the British admiralty, is now at Antwerp consulting with the Belgian general staff.

BANDITS GET \$2,437.

Masked Robbers, Held Up Cashier and Bank President.

OKLAHOMA CITY, Oct. 6.—Two masked robbers entered the Farmers & Merchants National Bank at Tulsa in Tulsa county today and held up E. M. Armstrong, president of the institution and the cashier. After taking \$2,437 in cash, the bandits escaped on horses. This is the second bank robbery within a week in this vicinity. The bank at Kiefer, Okla., being robbed a few days ago of \$2,500 by masked men.

France Orders Auto Frames. The Druggery Ordinance Corporation of Sharon has received an order for 2,500 automobile frames for the French government, to be delivered in the shortest possible time. France is negotiating with a view to auto truck firms for 1,500 trucks.

CALLS TRADE CONFERENCE

Manufacturers Will Go After Foreign Business.

A call for a second convention to promote American's over-seas commerce is issued last week by James A. Farrell, chairman of the Foreign Trade Council to be held in St. Louis, January 21, 22, next. The statement said:

"The view of the entire country's realization that the sound and general extension of our foreign commerce is vital to the prosperity of every citizen. It is important that all elements should take counsel. Under the authority conferred upon it by the National Foreign Trade convention, held at Washington last May and attended by 400 representatives of nearly 100 commercial and industrial organizations, the National Foreign Trade Council now calls a second national foreign trade convention to be held at St. Louis on January 21 and 22, 1915.

"Since national unity of action and cooperation are necessary to meet the existing emergencies, retain the trade we have and gain a greater share of a world commerce, institutions should be issued to all commercial and industrial organizations interested in this subject. It is expected that they will send delegates to this accessible meeting place for a practical business conference on ways and means to build for the future of the overseas commerce of all sections of the United States."

TARIFFS SUSPENDED.

Railroads Must Honor Mileage Bought at Low Rate.

The Interstate Commerce Commission has suspended tariffs filed by the New York Central, West Shore & Delaware & Hudson railroads, which provided that mileage books purchased at a rate of 2 cents a mile prior to October 1 would not be honored for transportation after that date. The suspended tariffs provided that the mileage books of the books would be honored by the selling lines at the purchase price.

The commission viewed these tariffs as a violation of contract, and therefore suspended them until January 23, 1915, pending an investigation.

JUMPS TO DEATH.

New York Lawyer Plunges From Fifth Story Window.

NEW YORK, Oct. 6.—Philip K. Wakar, junior member of the prominent law firm of Hawkins, Deland & Donnell, jumped or fell to death from a window of the fifth office on the 14th floor of a downtown skyscraper. Wakar was 35 years old. He was married three years ago to Miss Anne D. Goodkoop of this city.

DEATHS.

Mrs. Maggie Martin, 64 years old, one of the best known residents of Dunbar, died last evening at her home following a lingering illness. Funeral Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock from the family residence, 1000 North Main street, to the Episcopal Church, Uniontown, with interment in Mount Auburn cemetery.

Mrs. Martin was born on the old Smiley farm in Dunbar township, July 2, 1850. Her parents, James and Margaret Smiley, were among the early settlers of Dunbar. Deceased united with the St. John's in the Wilderness Episcopal Church at Dunbar in her childhood days, and was a faithful member up until her death. She was highly esteemed and her white cloth of friends deeply felt her death. Her husband died about 11 years ago. The following children survive: Miss Nellie Martin, at home; James E. Martin, foreman for the Carroll Lumber Company in Uniontown; George E. Martin, bookkeeper for the West Penn Railways Company; and Clyde S. E. Martin, foreman for the Pennsylvania Wire Glass Company at Dunbar. One sister, Mrs. Jeanie Smith of Dunbar; and two half sisters, Mrs. Eliza Clark of Atlantic City and Mrs. Sadie Allen of Uniontown also survive.

George E. Blinn. Following a lingering illness George E. Blinn, 31 years old, a resident of Dunbar, died last evening at his home, 1000 North Main street, at the family residence at 1000 North Main street. Funeral Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock from the home, Rev. Medart, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Leisenring will officiate. Interment in Hill Grove cemetery.

Deceased was born in Dunbar township, a son of John and Mary C. Lavenough Blinn. He was store manager for the Union Supply Company at various places up until his illness. In addition to his widow and one child he is survived by his parents, several brothers and a half sister, Mrs. W. W. Smith of Connellsville.

Arthur Matson, 23 years old, died last Sunday afternoon at his home at Mount Brookside from injuries suffered Sunday afternoon about 2:30 o'clock while hunting for chestnuts in the mountains near his home. He fell from a tree suffering an injury to his arm and spine. It is thought he died from the shock as he had been in poor health virtually all his life. He was removed to the home of his sister, Mrs. George Swartzburg, at Mount Brookside where he died several hours afterwards.

Funeral from his parents' residence tomorrow afternoon at 1:30 o'clock. A special street car will convey the body and funeral party to the cemetery.

Mrs. Mary Dunmohr, 33 years old, of Smithfield, died last evening at the Uniontown Hospital of typhoid fever.

DOSING THE STOMACH WON'T RELIEVE ECZEMA

The easiest and best way, the only safe and sure way to get rid of eczema and other skin diseases is to get a bottle of Anolox and apply it once. You will get instant relief from that awful burning and itching. Anolox is a scientifically prepared prescription and for the first time is placed in the hands of leading druggists throughout the country for the relief of the many sufferers from this torturing disease. You will be surprised at the marvelous curative powers of this simple remedy. It is unlike any you have ever used. Graham & Co., and dealers everywhere are authorized to guarantee Anolox, and will pay back your money if not satisfied.—Adv.

GET FOREIGN INQUIRIES

Australia and India are After Steel Cars Here.

Two interesting inquiries have been made by the Pressed Steel Car Company for new railroad equipment as a result of the European War. One came from Australia, calling for heavy box and gondola cars for the railroads of that country, and the other came from India, calling for heavy box and gondola cars for the railroads of that country, and the other came from India, calling for heavy box and gondola cars for the railroads of that country.

The two foreign inquiries are not mentioned in detail, but they are understood to be comparatively small. Officials of the Pressed Steel Car Company state they are the first ever received from the Orient or the South Pacific. The McKee Rock plant of the company has been operating at about 20 per cent of capacity for some time and should the order be placed it could be filled with the utmost dispatch.

Mrs. Mary Dunmohr, 33 years old, of Smithfield, died last evening at the Uniontown Hospital of typhoid fever.

Mrs. Anna McKeltrick of Highland avenue, and Edward C. Cochran, son of Mrs. Mary L. Cochran of Dawson, were married yesterday at the parsonage of the United Brethren Church in Greensburg. Rev. W. J. Al Michel, the pastor, officiating. For the present Mr. and Mrs. Cochran will reside in Connellsville. Mrs. Cochran is a former stenographer for the firm of Leonard & Youngkin.

Recovering from Fever. C. W. Hays of South Prospect street, and Mrs. W. W. Smith of Johnson avenue are recovering from typhoid fever. Both are able to sit up.

Is Seriously Ill. Mrs. John Dull is seriously ill at her home on Cottage avenue. Mrs. Dull is 56 years old, and her illness is due to the infirmities of old age.

Morning Hour Sales at the E. Dunn Store

WEDNESDAY MORNING HOUR SALE.

9 to 10 A. M.

WOOLEN DRESS GOODS

Plain Ratines, in a heavy quality, strictly all wool; especially fine for misses' dresses, regular \$1 39c

MISSSES' COATS

Your choice of any misses' coat in our entire stock; all are new this season; for ages 8 to 18; splendid selections at a discount 10%

MISSSES' HOSIERY

Misses' Ribbed Cashmere Hose, fast black; double soles; in all sizes; regularly 50c, pair 39c

BROWN SHEETING

Brown Sheeting, in a heavy quality; 40 inches wide; a smoothly woven fabric; regular value 10c, yard 6 1/2c

Special Notice

We cordially invite the public and this means you, to visit our store on Thursday afternoon, October 8, and inspect a beautiful line of High-Class Suits and Coats from one of New York's best manufacturers. Orders will be taken for exclusive suits and coats. Don't fail to come, even if you do not wish to buy.

The E. DUNN STORE CUTHBERTSON & ROE Connellsville, Pa.

SOCIETY.

J. D. C. Jr. Class to Meet. The J. D. C. Jr. Class of the First Methodist Church will meet this evening at 7:30 o'clock, at the home of Miss Sarah Maest on Main street, West Side. Miss Helen O'Neill is teacher. A large attendance is desired.

Doctors to Meet. Dr. L. C. Sherrick will entertain the Young Medical Social Club, Friday evening at the Colonial Inn, South Pittsburg street.

President's Day Observed. Forty-two ladies attended the opening meeting of the Woman's Culture Club for the year yesterday afternoon at the home of Mrs. J. L. Evans on Crawford avenue. Each member had the privilege of inviting a guest. President's Day was observed and Mrs. W. J. Sommers, new president, gave an address after which Mrs. E. E. Klemm of Somerset, district organizer of the State Equal Franchise Association gave a talk on "Suffrage." Miss Margaret Lyon sang. Refreshments were served. The next meeting will be observed at the next meeting to be held Monday afternoon, October 19, at the home of Mrs. W. N. Leitch on Patterson avenue.

A. M. N. Bible Class. The regular meeting of the Anna M. N. Bible Class of the First Presbyterian Church held last evening at the home of Rev. and Mrs. J. L. Proudt on West Peach street was attended by about thirty members. Following the business meeting a refreshment for the old folks concert to be held in the Colonial Theatre Tuesday evening, October 27, were held. A rehearsal meeting will be held Thursday evening at the home of Mrs. A. B. Morton. Refreshments were served.

C. L. Club Meets. Miss Ella Mae Craft entertained the C. L. Club last evening at her home in East Park. Nine members attended and spent a most enjoyable evening at fancy work. A fancy luncheon was served. Miss Marie Jamieson will entertain the club next Monday evening at her home in South Connellsville.

Stone-Chorpening. Mrs. Josephine Davenport and Mrs. H. T. Chorpening went to McKeesport this morning to attend the wedding of Miss Janet Adair Blinn of McKeesport and Walter E. Chorpening of this place to be solemnized at the home of the bride in New York avenue, Port View Heights. Miss Stone is a niece of Mrs. Davenport and has frequently visited her aunt and uncle at Eagles Nest Farm. Mr. Chorpening is an electrician and has charge of the wireless station at the E. M. C. A. He is widely and favorably known.

Missionary Meeting. The regular meeting of the Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Society of the First Methodist Church will be held tomorrow afternoon at the home of Mrs. E. E. Matlock on Isabella street instead of Friday afternoon.

Automobile Party. Miss Dorothy Edmunds, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Edmunds, gave an automobile party to Pittsburgh this morning for several of her friends in honor of her fifteenth birthday. Dr. Edmunds accompanied her, and on their arrival in Pittsburgh they visited the Exposition.

Entertainers for Bride. Miss Josephine McCullough was hostess at a bride luncheon yesterday at her home at Scitubide in honor of Miss Irene McWilliams, a bride-elect, on of town guests. Misses Elizabeth and Helen Leisenring, Miss Helen Whiteley, Connellsville, and Miss Millicent Stauff, Uniontown.

It Will Pay You To read our advertising columns.

YOUR HAIR NEEDS

PARISIAN SAGE

It Quickly Removes Dandruff, Stops Falling Hair and Scalp Itch.

If your hair is full of dandruff, thin, greasy, dull and never will do up to look pretty, you can almost immediately remove the cause making it beautiful, thick and fluffy by the use of Parisian Sage, one of the most helpful and invigorating hair and scalp tonics known.

Parisian Sage not only saves your hair but stimulates the hair roots and furnishes the nourishment needed to make it grow long, abundant and radiant with life. Just one application removes every trace of dandruff and stops scalp itch—your hair becomes soft and fluffy with an incomparable gloss, beauty and charm.

You cannot be disappointed with this harmless and delicately perfumed tonic for there is nothing so good for your hair. It is easily applied at home and costs but a trifle from A. C. Clarke, or any drug counter.—Adv.

SHOWS HIS PICTURES

C. H. Baisley Displays Views Taken in Pennsylvania.

Several reels of film taken by C. H. Baisley at Pottsville last week were shown at the Globe Theatre for the first time last night, after the regular performance had ended. Mr. Baisley got 1,300 feet of film, showing hours of interesting scenes of citizens and the school children.

In addition to these pictures, the home and family of Charles K. McCrory of Greensburg were shown. Mr. McCrory being one of the small audience that witnessed the "premier" of the pictures. These were unusually successful. Several of them were taken in quite a heavy rainfall, yet they are clear and distinct.

On the Pennsylvania reel is included a ground hog hunt by the West Side Campus at Guard, Md. Punkey is a "gronnohawn town" and they are anxious to see how Connellsville catches 'em.

Granted Marriage Licenses. Harry Ansell of Pennsylvania and Anna May Smith of Valley, Pa.; Dr. J. R. Madden and Jennie Aikright, both of Mount Pleasant, were granted marriage licenses in Greensburg yesterday.

Abe Martin.

Life had says Germany has school of experience.

WEDNESDAY MORNING HOUR SALE.

11 to 12 M.

WOMEN'S COATS

Your choice of our entire stock of Women's Coats; this season's best and most exclusive models; scores to select from at a discount 10%

TRIMMED HATS

We've selected 25 hats from stock which have been marked up to \$5, which we offer during the hour at \$3.00

MISSSES' DRESSES

Misses' Dresses, made of a good quality flannellette, nicely trimmed; for ages 2 to 6; regularly 59c, at 40c

CURTAIN SCRIMS

Curtain scrims, 36 inches wide; in fine quality, plain and fancy borders; regularly sold at 12 1/2c, 10c

Special Notice

Thursday Afternoon, October 8, we will have with us a representative of one of New York's best suit and coat manufacturers. He will be pleased to show you his line of Exclusive Models in Suits and Coats. We will be pleased to have you come, even if you have no idea of buying.

The E. DUNN STORE CUTHBERTSON & ROE Connellsville, Pa.

PERSONAL.

Stanley Jackson was in Uniontown today on business.

Miss Josephine Ivory of Greensburg has returned home after a visit with relatives here.

Miss Harriet Huzsach, expert corsetier of the H. W. Gossard Company, will be at Wright-Metzer Company's Wednesday and Thursday, October 7 and 8 to show new front-lacing Gossard corsets and correctly fit them to your figure.—Adv.

Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Melvain of near Carnegie, and Mr. and Mrs. Isaac McLaughlin and Mrs. Elmer Sears of Greensburg, were the guests of relatives here Sunday.

Ferry McGibbons of Uniontown, was in town yesterday on business.

Blaine R. Weimer and Elmer Hartman of South Connellsville, are home from a hunting trip to Stewart township. They killed two coons, three groundhogs and caught an opossum alive.

Take Two Games Out of Three From Reds on Temple Alloys.

In the opening match of the Connellsville Duckpin League on the Temple alloys last night, the Cubs took two out of three games from the Reds on a total of 1536 points to their opponents' 1519. The scores follow:

CUBS.

Jones 129 115 100 344
Black 104 95 128 327
Downs 84 95 128 307
Boehm 83 94 128 305
McIntyre 96 127 88 311
Young 107 98 93 298
Total 526 533 503 1537

REDS.

Carpenier 87 88 129 304
Brooks 76 97 129 302
Edmunds 76 97 129 302
Santmyer 85 104 54 243
Evans 102 107 164 313
Miller 115 99 136 341
Total 463 486 586 1519

BURLESQUE PRAISED.

Uniontown Says Fay Foster Company is the Best This Season.

Unusual praise is accorded the Fay Foster Burlesque Company which plays the Suburban tonight. Harry Dawson, manager of the West End Theatre in Uniontown has wired the managers of the Penn Burlesque Circuit as follows: "Fay Foster company in my estimation as well as patrons of the West End who saw it, is the best show we have had as yet. We can boast it without fear of its not making good."

The Uniontown papers say the show is without vulgarity, with clean and clever songs and comedies. It made all kinds of a hit there, they declare.

His Father Ill.

Rev. E. E. Cairns of Pittsburgh passed through town this morning on his way to Atlantic City where he was called by the critical illness of his father, James Cairns. Mr. Cairns was taken ill about two weeks ago and it is feared he will not recover. Rev. Cairns is a former pastor of the Methodist Protestant Church here.

George Marietta High Gun.

A clay pigeon shoot at the Rockwell Marietta farm yesterday resulted as follows: George Marietta, 45 out of 50; J. E. Angle, 28 out of 50; W. H. Marling, 31 out of 50; Noah Anderson, 27 out of 49; J. B. Sims, 31 out of 49, and Frank Bradford, 28 out of 32.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Kneel are Regd The Daily Courier.

Coffee Hurt You?

No need to get mad now, fear on the paper, or about "non-union" good coffee never hurt on one. You know better than that, for you can point out all around you folks who are the worse for coffee's jugging. Think over a few coffee-drinking friends and candidly compare if they are entirely and perfectly well and just how coffee treats them. If it hurts others isn't it just possible it will hurt you? Catch the drift, don't you?

It's a Poor Bargain

to swap health and a clear, business-like head for a few cups of coffee each day.

Every coffee toper tries to wiggle around and change his aches and ills to weather, overwork, too much or too little food, this, that or the other thing, but how he hates to admit that the real enemy is his Master, coffee.

A Sure Personal Test

will locate the exact cause of your steady destruction of health, if that cause be coffee. It's worth knowing the plain, sober fact before organic heart trouble or other disease sets in, which perhaps cannot be cured.

The test is pleasant, accurate and satisfying—

Quit coffee absolutely for ten days and in its place use POSTUM.

Postum now comes in two forms. Regular Postum must be boiled. Instant Postum—soluble form made in the cup instantly, with hot water. Both kinds of this famous food-drink have the color and flavor very much like the high grades of Old Galt Java.

You Have the Answer—

POSTUM

"There's a Reason"

At the Theatres.

take no matter how long suffering to try one dose of Mavis' Wonderful Stomach Remedy—one dose will convince you. This is the medicine so many of our people have been taking, with surprising results. The most thorough system cleanser ever sold. Mavis' Wonderful Stomach Remedy is now sold here by A. A. Clarke and druggists everywhere.—Adv.

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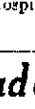
and Mrs. James Jenkins have the malady.

One Cent A Word
for classified advertisement 75¢ them

Sore Throat Wisdom.

To relieve Sore Throat you must get at the seat of the disease, removing the cause. Nothing else does this so quickly, safely and surely as TONSILINE. A dose of TONSILINE taken upon the first appearance of Sore Throat may save long days of sickness. It is a little Sore Throat wisdom and buy a bottle of TONSILINE to have on hand for use at tomorrow.

TONSILINE is the standard Sore Throat remedy—best known and most efficacious of all used. Look for the long red check filw on the bottle when you go to the drug store to get it. 25¢ and 50¢. Hospital Size \$1.00. All Druggists.



High Grade WALL PAPER 5 & 10c A ROLL

These papers are sold every where at 25 and 50c a roll.

Come to Pittsburgh and buy your Wall Paper at our stores and save enough to pay your car fare and more.

**WE PREPAY BY FREIGHT
ALL SHIPMENTS**

30 inch imported Holzmehl (all colors) sold at our stores at only 10c a roll.

Over 1,000 designs to select from at only 5 and 10c a roll.

Largest Wall Paper Distributors in America.

BEAUTIFUL CATALOGUE MAILED FREE

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PENNSYLVANIA STORE
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EAST VIRGINIA STORE

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F. T. Evans

Featherman Furniture Co.

119 1 in 9 Stop after Pass returned

8451 IMPERIAL STORGE,
10 Penn Ave (1 door from Shady)

ASSOCIATION
205 N. Pittsburg Street.

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Connellsville Pa.

F. T. Evans

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TUESDAY EVENING, OCT. 6, 1911.

The News praises Penrose already defeated because he was once opposed by politicians outside the state. Pennsylvania will vote Republican this year for reasons very personal to the

While the people were praying for peace yesterday, the military experts were pointing out that the European war promises to be long and bloody.

with great skill and tenacity in order to support an automobile and knock down upon piling pedestrians, whom they pay their bills. If it were possible to operate for pride the world would be better and happier—but not half as entertaining to those on the sidelines.

Wheat Now Brings a Dollar a Bushel and Will Go Higher.

Leon J. Houze, Henry Berlin, Frank

130 N. Pittsburg St.

DR. BRUMBAUGH WILL USE POWER OF OFFICE FOR LOCAL OPTION

Republican Candidate's Attitude Upon
This Big Issue Made Perfectly
Plain in His Many Speeches.

Philadelphia, Oct. 3.—Dr. Martin G. Brumbaugh, the Republican candidate for Governor, is not only firmly pledged to sign a local option bill, but to use all the power of his office as Governor to bring about its passage.

These points were made perfectly clear today in a statement made by ex-Judge Beeber, chairman of the Brumbaugh Citizens Committee. This committee is made up of hundreds of business and professional men representing nearly every county in the state, and its membership is being added to every day.

Ex-Judge Beeber's statement is made up of some personal comments by him on the local option throughout the state and a few quotations from Dr. Brumbaugh's platform and some of the many speeches he has made, in which his attitude is clearly defined. The statement in full is as follows:

"If there is an issue in which the whole population of Pennsylvania is more interested than in any other, that issue is local option. It is one subject on which Dr. Martin G. Brumbaugh, the Republican candidate for Governor, has spoken more emphatically than another, that subject has been local option. In spite of the persistent campaign of misrepresentation which is being waged against Dr. Brumbaugh, I think that the voters of Pennsylvania understand that Dr. Brumbaugh is sincerely in favor of local option."

"No candidate could be treated more unfairly than Dr. Brumbaugh has been by his political foes. In his platform and in every speech in which he has touched upon the subject, Dr. Brumbaugh has expressed himself in perfectly good, easily understood English that he favors submitting the liquor question to a vote of the people in each county. He has made it perfectly plain that he intends to use the great influence of the governorship, the most powerful office in the state, to bring about the passage of this and other legislation to which he stands pledged."

"Notwithstanding these perfectly plain assertions of his attitude by Dr. Brumbaugh, certain leaders of factions with their own ambitions to serve, have insisted upon trying to put him in the attitude of being lukewarm on this subject. I assert here and now that Dr. Brumbaugh is as sincerely in favor of local option as any man in Pennsylvania. He has given great thought and study to this question. He wrote in his platform, 'The problem of the liquor traffic is a vital one facing the people and the state. It is a matter of the highest importance that I submit that local option is a practical solution. Any legislative measure looking to an improvement of the conditions regulating this traffic will receive my approval.' When he did so, he meant that he was absolutely pledged to local option for this state."

"Just as Dr. Brumbaugh has made it clear in all his public utterances that 'I have never known a boss, I never shall,' so he has made it perfectly plain to all men of open mind and without prejudice that he is a militant champion of local option. There are leaders of factions and organs of disappointed office seekers who attempt to impugn other than sincere motives to Dr. Brumbaugh and to give to his utterances a construction of which they are not capable. I say to all such men and newspaper that their partisan prejudices has run away with their good sense."

"They and many others do not seem to understand that Dr. Brumbaugh's candidacy marks the entry of a new type of men into the political arena. He is not the style of man into whose hand a few party bosses can thrust a platform and say 'sign it,' or to whom they can hand a speech of acceptance and say 'read it.' Dr. Brumbaugh has his own well formed ideas on all public questions and expresses his opinions in his own choice language and his every utterance bears the stamp of absolute sincerity and unwavering fidelity to purpose."

"Following his platform utterances on local option, Dr. Brumbaugh in his speech accepting the nomination at Pittsburgh said:

"In my primary platform I set forth as clearly as I know how and in

a conscientious way, the principles for which I have stood in the past. Among these were the principles, I take it, well known to most of you * * * of the submission of the liquor question through local option. And for these I now stand as I stood before you in the May primaries, and for them I shall continue to stand, all of them to the very end."

"Has any man or candidate said in more easily understood or more forcible language that he is for local option? If that is not convincing, enough read what Dr. Brumbaugh said to the folks of his home county, Huntingdon, in his first speech of the campaign: 'The great corporations employing thousands of car tollers are increasingly insisting that their employees shall live soberly and economically. They have added to the moral and economic argument for such regulation of the liquor traffic as will secure the highest efficiency of our workers. For that reason and because of its moral meaning, I have declared for local option. The people of this county have, by a special law, the privilege I would extend to the entire State. Let the entire issue be freely and fully met by the people, and let the issue rest with them. This is fundamental in the spirit of our institutions. In this stand I am confident I have your support and that of all fair minded citizens.'"

"Later on in his tour of the state at Tyrone, Dr. Brumbaugh said: 'In my platform I said with perfect honesty and perfect earnestness that I believed the people of Pennsylvania were honest, intelligent enough and strong enough to settle for themselves whether or not they wanted to license the sale of liquor in their various counties. I believe, and wish to reiterate the belief, that that is a matter upon which the people ought to vote in Pennsylvania.'"

"Amplifying this same thought in his speech at Milton on September 23, Dr. Brumbaugh said: 'I have declared in my platform that I believed the people of Pennsylvania were intelligent enough and fair enough to settle the liquor problem for themselves, for that reason I have declared for local option—no matter what our traducers say about it. I stand in favor of that proposition and if some good people have been misled and misguided in their thought about the matter some day they will be ashamed of the things they have done to us who have been their staunch, steady supporters for the best things for all Pennsylvania.'"

"Again at Northumberland Dr. Brumbaugh spoke in no uncertain terms upon local option, declaring: 'I believe the people in the several counties of Pennsylvania have a perfect right to pass upon the question of the regulation of the sale of liquor in their several counties, and I am in favor of a local option law for Pennsylvania, and I stand committed to-day, and shall stand for it throughout the entire campaign.'"

"The very next day at Lewisburg, Dr. Brumbaugh touched on his determination to force the passage of a local option law when he said: 'This county enjoys the distinction by a special act of the assembly of being practically under a local option law. It has spoken and spoken in no uncertain terms, upon the question of local option as a practical means of regulating the liquor traffic in this state. I stand for the extension of this privilege to the people in every county in this commonwealth, believing as I do that the people should determine for themselves the issues of this important question, and I ask your support with the assurance that I shall be glad to co-operate with all good citizens and use every honest endeavor to secure the enactment of such a law.'"

"From the same platform in Altoona upon which all the leading Republican candidates at the coming election spoke, Dr. Brumbaugh was particularly emphatic in his declaration. He said forcefully, 'I stand for a local option law, for the regulation of the sale of intoxicating liquors, and will use every honorable means at my disposal to secure the enactment of such a law in order that the people may, in the several counties of the commonwealth, determine for themselves whether or not license shall be granted for the sale of intoxicating liquors.'"

"I wish particularly to state that I stand absolutely square and resolute and unchanged in the positions I have taken in this matter, and I invite the sympathy and support of all fair-minded people. No candidate who is honest can do more and no candidate who is sincere can offer from his own record a better guarantee to the people of this commonwealth of his honest intentions and determination to further this important measure."

"In other speeches and at other places during his campaign tour, Dr. Brumbaugh has spoken with unqualified emphasis upon his attitude on local option. But what I have cited is sufficient to prove to any man open to conviction that Dr. Brumbaugh is for local option with all his own personal strength and influence."

How Stilton Cheese is Made.

Stilton cheeses differ from ordinary cheeses in the method of manufacture. Each Stilton is made in a circular mold, or vat, two feet deep and about nine inches in diameter, perforated at the sides and bottom. When the milk has been turned into curd by means of rennet, it is transferred into the vat, which is lined with a coarse woven cloth, with a lid. When a thin layer of curd covers the bottom of the mold a little dry salt is sprinkled over it. This is supposed to create the blue mold often found in Stiltons. Then more curd is added in layers until the vat is full. The whey gradually drains through the cloth and out of the holes into the pan in which the vat stands. After the curd has stood for twenty-four hours a tin disk is laid on the top and a weight applied to hasten the expulsion of the whey. When quite firm the cheese is removed from the vat and placed on a shelf to dry. After some days the cloth is taken off and the cheese is left to ripen in a special room, the temperature of which never varies.—London Answer.

Baiting the Bull.

In the interior of Venezuela and Colombia toro coledos is a feature of fiesta days. A principal street of the town is roped off and a wild bull is liberated. From eight to ten mounted horsemen enter the improvised arena, their only defense against attacks of the bull being their superb horsemanship and a knowledge of how to twist the bull's tail in such a manner as to cause him to tumble over. While the attention of the bull is attracted by the motion of the party a horseman dashes from the rear at full speed, gives a dextrous twist, and over rolls the bull. This sport is not without its danger, and almost every coledos festival adds to the hospital list. The honor of being champion bull taster develops keen competition, for the winner is crowned with flowers by the prettiest girl in the village. Some performers become so expert as to be sure of their twist at a specified point, the great achievement being to bring the animal to the dust just in front of the balcony of one's indolence.—Argonaut.

Reforming the Boarders.

The boarding house had changed hands, and the regular boarders were changing some of their habits to suit the aggressive new landlady. The sword had fallen rather prominently during this pruning of bad habits, but they were all amused when it struck the haughty young professor. Sitting with his head bowed gracefully on his shapely hand, he was his custom to pay no attention to the things that were passed around the breakfast table.

The landlady brought in a plate of hot biscuits and held them in front of him. He did not look up. She joggled his elbow, and, looking up, he said loftily, "I do not care to be disturbed when meditating."

The regular boarders stopped eating, awaiting her reply. She stared at him for a second, then said decidedly: "Hereafter you do your meditating somewhere else. I want these biscuits!"—Indianapolis News.

Reciprocity.

With a feeling of sadness for the recipient, Dorothy finally concluded to pen a missive to her former fiance.

"Dear Harold," it read. "No doubt you are aware that I am to marry Mr. Anthony the coming month. I shall, therefore, appreciate it very much if you will burn all the little notes I sent you, assuring you of reciprocity in regard to those you sent me."

"DOROTHY BELL."

Immediately upon receipt of above the young man made this reply:

"Dear Dorothy—I shall certainly comply with your request, and at once. And, incidentally, as your new thrice also holds a few little notes of value I shall count it a great favor should you be able to induce him to burn them with the rest."

"HAROLD SAWYER."

Doubt of any sort cannot be removed except by action.—Goethe.

For Young Folks

A Small Fisherman
With Rod and Creel.



Photo by American Press Association.

Among the youngsters who paraded at the recent baby carnival at Asbury Park was one who caused a great deal of merriment. He is a son of one of the members of the fishing club of that city and carried as his mascot. As the picture shows, he is fully equipped to capture anything in the way of fish that has the comeliness to bite his hook. Probably if he hooked a big one he might be a little frightened and look for some grownup to take it off the hook. But that is only supposing. Boys at Asbury Park are used to fish and fishing, and in all probability they had here pictured would quickly pop the big fellow right into his creel. Fishing is great sport for the fish bite, but it is rather tiresome when one waits for hours without even a nibble. Little boys, however, should never go fishing unless accompanied by their fathers or big brothers.

Riddles.

What is that which every one can divide, but no one can see where it has been divided? Water.

What is majestic deprived of its external? A Jew—majesty.

Is there a word in the English language that contains all the vowels? Yes, unquestionably.

Why does a miller wear a white hat? To keep his head warm.

Why didn't the dog want to go into the ark? Because he had a bark of his own.

What makes the cost of tea so high? Because we must pay a steep price.

What fruit grows on telegraph wires? Electrical currents (currents).

What is the difference between a watchmaker and a jailer? The one sells watches, the other watches cells.

What sort of a day would be a good one on which to run for a cup? A muggy one.

An "Arte" Party.

Here is the way a little girl gave an "arte" party the other day. She had the following articles either pasted or tied on squares of cardboard, and these were hanging on the wall. Each guest received a pencil and paper and was asked to write a name for each cardboard that would sound like the name of a real painting. Here are some of the articles and some of the names:

A study in hearts, two valentines. Study of a head, cabbage. The pale face at home, powder puff. Scenes in China, painted cup. The grinds of labor, false teeth. Tension on a line, burnt candle. A study in red, red flannel. The Irish village, a cork. Justice, scales. Patters of wealth, two gold rings. A friend in need, a hairpin.

Names of Fishes.

To find fault. Used in warfare. In winter sports. Commands his boat. Polishes silver. To plunge and struggle. A little bit. Part of the foot. Used in ancient warfare. A good one is always in demand. Short and fat. Lost from her finger. A hen's bed. A puff. A barrier and a fair lady. A

color and end of a whip. The tip and a tie. What is done to iron ore. Answers—Carp, torpedo, skate, skipper, whiting, flounder, dab, sole, pike, plaice, chub, herring, perch, whiff, barbel (bar, belle), redsnapper, topknot, sweet.

Mighty Explosive.

It may sound like a joke, but it is nevertheless the truth that the tread of a housefly is sufficient to explode nitrogen iodide. It is not necessary that a fly should walk over the compound. It has only to let one foot come into contact with the explosive, when the foot causes it to explode and to blow the insect into the air. Another manner in which the peculiar property of this explosive can be demonstrated is by scattering a small quantity of the dry powder over a sheet of clean paper. If then resembles pepper and only needs a few sharp breaths of the manipulator—just sufficient to make them roll—to cause each speck to ignite and explode, meantime giving off a long, thin column of dense purple smoke. If a barful of nitrogen iodide could be made it would have to be kept moist to prevent danger. By comparison gun powder is a mild, innocent, inoffensive material.—London Strand.

Soothing His Father.

The father of Sir Hubert Herkomer, the great painter, was a poor man, and the professor brought him from his native land in Germany to live with him in his beautiful house near London. The old man used to model in clay in his early life, and now that he had leisure he took to it again in his old age. But his hands trembled, and the work showed signs of imperfection. It was his one sorrow. At night he went to bed early, and when he had gone his son would go into the studio, take his father's poor work and make it as beautiful as possible. When the old man came down in the morning he would look at the work and rub his hands and say: "But I can do as well as ever I did."

Vivisection.

Experiments on living animals were made by Galen (A. D. 175) and by the Greek Alexandrian school and were regarded as a valuable source of knowledge until the breakup of the Roman empire. In modern times vivisection may be said to have begun with the experiments of Dr. William Harvey (1633) and Dr. John Hunter (1750). Vivisection has been more or less generally practiced since the beginning of the nineteenth century, though very often under protest of the various societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals.—Exchange.

For the Good of the Lawyers.

"Say, pa," inquired young Sylvester Snodgrass, "what's a test case?"

"A test case, my son," replied the senior Snodgrass, "is a case brought into court to decide whether there's enough in it to justify lawyers in working up more cases of the same kind."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Love and Blindness.

Clara (on the wrong side of thirty): "I am sure I don't know what he sees in her. Cholly—Well, love is blind, Clara—Right! Nonsense! I never saw a man in love yet who did not see ten times as much in his sweetheart as I could."

Her View.

Sunday School Teacher—What do you understand by suffering for righteousness' sake? Little Girl—Please, ma'am, it means having to come to Sunday school.—London Tit-Bits.

Just the One.

"We want a young fellow of some staying power in this business."

"Then I can heartily recommend my daughter's beau."—Baltimore American.

Timing Riddles.

Get out your puzzle guessers and see if you can tell:

What has four legs, yet cannot walk. One foot besides a head? If I should finish out this time I'd say it was a—

What grows in the ground And have many eyes, Yet nary a bit can they see? We have them for dinner Most every night. Now, What in the world can they be?

And what has two hands And a jolly round face? What tells us when we Shall go every place? What runs all the time And yet runs standing still And works for us all with A jolly good will?

Answers—Bed, potatoes, clock.

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Curious Gaelic Alphabet.

A very curious and distinguishing characteristic of the Gaelic alphabet is that nearly every letter thereof is represented by a tree. While the alphabet of ancient Gaelic comprised but seventeen letters, that of modern Gaelic has eighteen. But with the new forms, as with the old, the letter is represented by a tree. The exceptions are "g," "t" and "u," which stand for "tree," "furnace" and "beast."

The alphabet now stands: Ailm, bialla, coll, dur, eagh, fearn, gath, heath, loch, luis, mull, nua, oiv, peith, ruis, suil, taine, ur, all of which is equal to saying: Elm, birch, hazel, oak, aspen, alder, ivy, whitethorn, rowan or quince, vine, ash, spindle tree, pine, alder, willow, furze, heath. In the old Gaelic alphabet the letter "b" (the mouth or whitethorn) does not exist. The alphabet is called the beth-luis-nua, because "b," "l," "n" and "u," "b," "l," "n" are the first three letters.

Colored Diamonds.

Diamonds are in many colors, such as black, blue, red, pink, green and yellow. Black diamonds are extremely rare and come from Borneo. The Duke of Richmond owns one big black diamond that for centuries did duty as the eye of an Indian idol.

Illinois River.

The Illinois river was so termed from the Illini, a tribe of Indians on its banks. Another derivation is suggested in Isle aux Noix, island of nuts. Several derivations more or less fanciful are suggested by the etymologists and geographers.

Sunny Thought.

Even if you are lacking in some things, cheer up. The dog with the shortest tail wears the fewest tin cans.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

MOVING AND GENERAL HAULING

Special attention to moving pianos. See

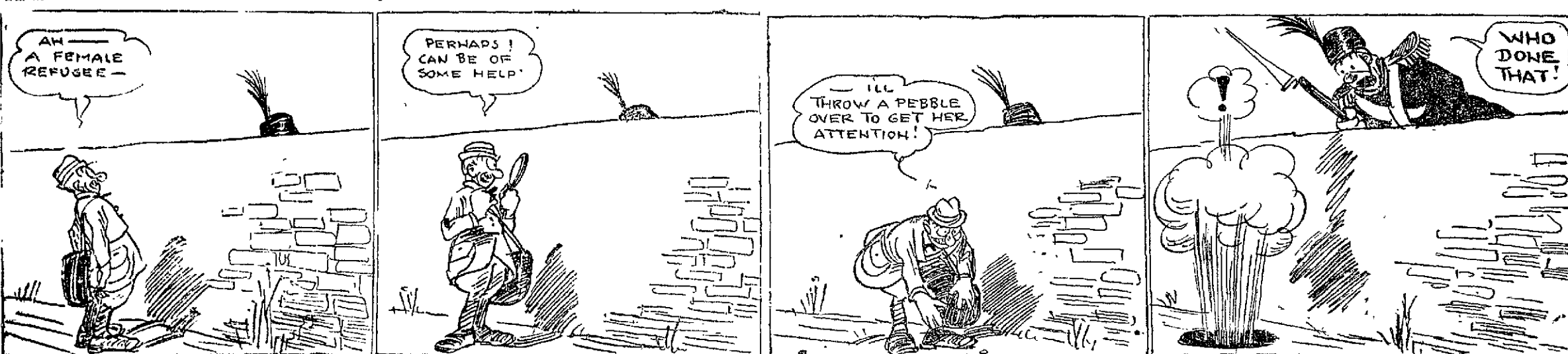
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READ THE COURIER.

By C. A. Voight.

PETEY ABROAD—Flue Feathers Do Not Necessarily Make Fine Birds.



The Trey O' Hearts

A Novelized Version of the Motion Picture Drama of the Same Name
Produced by the Universal Film Co.

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE
Author of "The Fortune Hunter," "The Diamond," "The Black Cat," etc.
Illustrated with Photographs from the Picture Production

Copyright, 1914, by Louis Joseph Vance

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Time of Night.

Not ill-planned to be left to his own devices (whose proposed character Digby would never have approved had he so much as suspected them) Alan now the latest deferred action until after midnight.

And espionage was all he feared—save and except always, of course, failure to find his Rose.

It was about one in the morning when he arrived inconspicuously (but not so much so as to seem deserving of police surveillance) in the neighborhood of the Riverside drive home of his mortal enemy, a grim white house that towered, stark and tall, upon a corner.

His preliminary reconnaissance provided little more than comfortable exercise. Hush, still, its walls bathed in the milk and ink of moonlight and shadow, all its windows dark but one—and that one, in the topmost tier, showed only a feeble glimmer, so slight that Alan almost overlooked it.

But once discovered, it focused upon itself his thoughts with a power little less than hypnotic.

He believed with small doubt that Rose was a prisoner within those walls; that Judith must have conveyed her there with all speed.

And, this being the presumption case, that small, high window of the light might well be hers.

Directly across the street from the Trine residence, on the opposite corner, a colossal apartment structure stood half-finished, skeleton rearing above.

To his infinite disgust, Alan found the guardian very wide awake, very much on the job, no chance here to steal unobserved into the building.

This in itself might have been deemed a suspicious circumstance not for nothing does an honest night watchman deny the laws of nature and the tenets of his craft. But Alan merely praised the man while cursing the very fact of his existence, and, accosting, overcame with bank notes what seemed an uncommonly stubborn reluctance, and got his way.

He could not know that another skulking behind a barrier of lime barrels and overheard all that passed and when Alan had ducked smartly into the unfinished building, rose and stole after him with footsteps as noiseless as a cat's and a face that had the ravens of a tiger's when it was transiently revealed in a shaft of moonlight.

At length Alan gained the aridiron of girders on a plane with the lighted window across the way, and crept along one of these, gingerly on his hands and knees, until he came to its end and might if he cared to, look down a hundred feet to the sidewalk.

That view, however, did not tempt; he kept his eyes level, and was rewarded with a bare glimpse of a pretty-patched wall, framed in the lace of half-drawn curtains.

And of sudden—whether through fortuity, or instinct, or the psychological attraction of his steadfast concentration—the tenant of the room came to the window and stood there for a little, looking positively out, altogether unconscious of the watcher in his aerial coil.

Again a horrible uncertainty harassed him. Was the woman Rose or Judith? That she was one of these he could plainly see. But which? Dared he assume his hopes fulfilled?

With difficulty he detached his hungry vision from her, and drawing from his pocket a small notebook, tore out a blank page, placed this flat on the girder, found a pencil, and with the assistance of a ray or two of moonlight scrawled a message of almost stenographic brevity.

When he looked up from this task, she had vanished.

Mitting up, outside the girder, he took his watch—a cheap affair he had picked up when reclothing himself in the garments of civilized society, at Providence, that morning—opened the back of the case, and closed it upon the folded message.

Then drawing back his arm, he breathed a silent prayer to the god of all true lovers, and cast it from him with all his might—with such force that it almost unseated him at the end of the swing. But nothing less would have served to bridge that yawning chasm.

And the watch flew straight and true, squarely through the lighted window and to the further wall.

At that very instant of his exultation over an obstacle overcome, he heard a sound behind him of heavy breathing.

The assassin had come that close upon his prey when Alan turned and discovered his peril.

The same moonbeam which had aided Alan in the composition of his message struck across the other's face and showed it like a hideous Chinese mask of deadly hatred with its eyeballs glaring and its lips drawn back from the naked blade gripped between its teeth—a silent nothing short of a foot in length.

With a start, startled movement, Alan swung himself aside, only, so that, once again outside the girder, he faced the assassin who sat up,

straddling the girder, his feet hooked beneath it a stiletto poised in his right hand to strike.

But even now Alan was in little or no better case than before. If he faced the thing, he faced him with no arms other than his bare hands. He had not even a pen-knife in his pockets.

With a low cry of desperation Alan snatched off his hat, a soft and shapeless felt affair, and flung it squarely in the fellow's face.

Before he could recover—before, that is, it dropped away and cleared the vision, Alan had bent forward and grasped the wrist of the hand that held the knife.

He snatched simultaneously at the other hand, but it eluded him.

Alan had this advantage, as long as the knife might not strike—that his right arm was free, while the assassin had only his left. With this he strove persistently to reach his knife-hand and possess himself of the weapon.

As persistently Alan foiled his purpose by dragging the knife hand toward him and swinging it far out to one side. At the same time he struck repeatedly with his clenched right fist at the other's face. His blows did little damage beyond disconcerting the other; but this proved a very considerable factor in the duel. In the end, they served together with that steady, resolute downward and outward drag, to break the grip of the man's locked legs.

Abruptly he pitched forward on his face along the girder, kicking wildly, grasping at the air. The stiletto fell from an instinctively relaxed grasp, and disappeared. And before Alan

could release his hold, or ease the strain upon the right arm of the assassin, this last had slipped bodily from the girder and hung helpless in space, dangling at the end of Alan's arm—with no more than the grip of his fingers between him and death.

The shock of that unprepared turn brought Alan forward and far on his stomach. And the strain on his left arm was terrific. He doubted if he could maintain it for another minute.

Nor was there any reason why he should retain it. The end he had designed for his victim was merely his just desert.

And yet Alan could not let him go. Thus the battle began anew—but now it was a battle with a man half-raised and struggling so madly that he well-nigh frustrated the efforts of his rescuer.

In the upshot the assassin lay like a limp rag across the girder, head and arms dangling on one side, legs and feet on the other, spent with his terrific exertions and physically sick with terror.

And in this state Alan left him he had done enough; let the man shift for himself from this time on.

Alan's Appearance at the Hotel Monolith.

CHAPTER XXV.

Changing.

In the vague, chill gray of that dull and desolate dawn, Judith stirred abruptly on the couch of a sleepless night, and with the rapidity of one who has arrived at a settled purpose after a long period of doubt and perplexity, rose and bathed and dressed herself in haste.

In the adjoining room she could hear small, stealthy noises—the sounds made by her sister moving about and preparing against the unseasonable moment when her rescue would be attempted, according to the information conveyed in that midnight message.

For chance had conspired with her insomnia to station Judith in the recess of her darkened window, idly viewing the giant framework of the unfinished building from an angle which, when Alan edged out along the girder, showed him plainly in silhouette against the sky.

In Judith's eyes his identity was unmistakable. She had hardly needed the underclothes which were

brought to bear upon him at the moment when he was laboriously inditing his message—while grim death stalked him from behind.

She had seen him throw the watch and had heard the double thump of its impact with the wall and floor of Rose's bedroom.

And she had witnessed with wildly beating heart that duel in the air—able to surmise its outcome only from the fact that the victor spared the life of the vanquished.

The clock was striking six as she left her room: across the street workmen were streaming into the building to begin the labors of the day.

Brushing unceremoniously past the drowsy and indifferent guard in the corridor outside the door to Rose's room, Judith turned the key that remained in the lock on the outside, removed it, entered, and locked the door behind her.

Without any surprise she found her sister already dressed to the point of donning her outer garments.

Rounded half-frantic by this unexpected interruption, threatening as it did the perilous scheme that Alan had proposed, Rose greeted her sister with a countenance at once agitated and wrathful.

"What do you want?" she demanded tensely.

"To come to an understanding with you," Judith told her coolly.

"There is no understanding possible between us: you know that as well as I."

"Yet one there must be."

"I insist that you leave this room at once!"

"Insist by all means—and be damned! I may leave this room—and I may not, dear little sister. But one of us will never leave it alive!"

With a start of terror, Rose shrank back from this strange, wild thing that wore the very shape and semblance of herself.

"What do you mean? You cannot mean to murder me in cold blood, Judith!"

"Not I!" Judith laughed harshly. "But, since it has pleased Destiny to decree that we must both love one man—let Destiny decide between us and bear the blame of murder!"

"Judith!"

"Judith!"

"Judith!"

"Judith!"

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"Judith!"



"Not I—but Destiny, if it will!"

and fell face uppermost.

The tiny of hearts fell to Judith.

There was an instant of silent dread, ended by Rose, as Judith's hand moved steadily toward the glass.

"Judith!" she implored. "Don't—I beg of you—I didn't mean it—I take back my consent!"

"Too late!" said Judith, lifting the glass and eyeing its contents with a strange smile.

"Judith! you cannot mean to drink it!"

"Can't I, though?" the other laughed merrily. "Just watch me!"

With a stung cry Rose covered her face with her hands to shut out the sight, stood momentarily swaying, and dropped to the floor in a complete faint.

Delaying only to recognize this phenomena with a pitying smile for the weakness of spirit that caused it, Judith's glance darted through the window and saw that which caused her to stay her hand an instant longer.

On the topmost tier of girders of the building opposite, Alan Law stood and a little knot of amused and animated laborers, one foot in the great steel hook of the hoisting tackle, both hands clasping the chain that linked it to the gigantic block.

And as Judith stared, he smiled at something said by one of those about him, looked back, and waved a hand to some person invisible.

Immediately the arm began to lift, the tackle to move slowly through the blocks. Very gently he was swung up and out and

With a cry Judith flung the poison glass from her hand across the room and snatched up the street lantern which had dropped at her sister's entrance.

In another moment she was struck full in the face by the lantern.

Before the shadow of Alan, clinging to the hook and chain, fell athwart the doorway, she was dressed and clamored out upon the sill.

"Sweetheart! My bravest little woman!"

The hook hung steadily within six inches of the window ledge. Alan extended his arm.

"Nothing to fear, except just I hold you too tight dear one!"

Without a word Judith set her foot beside him in the hook, surrendered to his embrace and closed her eyes.

Immediately they were swung away from the window, over toward the opposite sidewalk, and gently lowered to the street.

"May be this isn't a good scheme!" Alan called in the innocence of his heart. "But I think it is. And those workmen think it a great lark—I told them the simple truth, you see that we were eloping!"

By way of answer Judith breathed only a word of tenderness.

And that instant the hook paused and Alan stepped off upon the sidewalk.

"Safe and sound—and not a soul over there the wiser as yet!" he declared with a derisive nod toward the home of Trine. "Come along. Here's a limousine waiting. In twenty minutes we'll be at the ferry, in forty over in Jersey, within an hour married, within four hours safe at sea!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

Make-Believe.

For upwards of three-quarters of an hour that golden morning which followed the night of his return to New York, Mr. Law was permitted to esteem himself an hapless of mortals.

And inasmuch as this is not only a longer uninterrupted term of happiness than is humanly common but is more of that emotion than ordinarily leaves the whole of a lifetime, Alan was perhaps to be envied, even though disillusionment when it came was sudden, sharp, and to him unspeakably shocking—a swift, unprepared plunge from sunlit peaks of supreme content to the black depths of a bleak Avenue of despair.

The beginning of the period was synchronous with the alarm of a taxicab door that shut away a supercilious word from the company of two who loved.

The sound spelled safety as well as success in Alan's understanding.

The car slipped smoothly away from the curb, pursued only by a little gang of semi-ironic cheers from the little company of working men who had witnessed as well as measurably participated in the putative elopement from the house of Trine.

Vigilant for any indication that their evasion had had a witness in that strange home of deathless hatred, Alan watched it through the little window in the back of the cab until a corner blotted out the vision of it; then with a sigh of relief sank down by the side of the woman to whom his

every thought, impulse and emotion were dedicated.

"Rose!" he whispered, and tentatively touched one of the hands that lay clenched in her lap.

She responded with never a sign to indicate consciousness either of his touch or his whisper.

And reminding himself of the strain imposed upon her by the experience through which they had just passed, Alan excused her unresponsiveness on grounds of reaction, and for the time felt constrained to let his sweetheart rest and regain her normal poise.

There was bliss enough for him in the consciousness that he had won her safely away, that nothing now more than a short hour's drive across town and by ferry across the Hudson stood between them and the marriage that should prove the consummation of all their trials . . . Barring accident!

Alan had too often suffered the penalty of disappointment for over-indulgence in the unforeseen, not to make the mental reservation. Barring accident!

Had any of Trine's household been cognizant of his daughter's escape, Alan argued, interference must have been instant.

Despite the reassuring aspect, the preoccupation of his companion so wore upon him that he was presently no longer able to refrain from disturbing her.

"Rose!" he begged again, closing a hand tenderly over hers. "Dearest girl, don't worry another instant! Do calm yourself: remember we are safe

best to comfort her, none the less tenderly because of his mystification. And for a long time she let illusion blind her, resting quietly in his arms, making believe . . .

Only on approaching the Twenty-third street ferry they must needs rouse and sit apart constrainedly for fear some one might glance through the window and surprise their secret.

As if one needed the evidence of a caress exchanged to know that they were lovers, who had eyes to see the flushed loveliness of the girl shrinking back in her corner or wit to intuit the radiant happiness that shone in Alan's face as he bent forward and watched warily from the window.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Ring.

Theirs was the last vehicle to swing between the gates before these last were closed.

And this was quite as well; for Alan, rising for one last backward glance through the rear window, started involuntarily and choked upon an exclamation when he discerned a powerful touring car tearing madly toward the ferry-house, its one passenger half rising from the front seat, beside the driver, and exhibiting a countenance purple with congested chagrin as he saw his car barred out of the carriage entrance.

Quickly sensitive to his emotion, the girl caught nervously at Alan's hand.

"What is it, dear?"

"Marrophat," she snapped.

"Don't be alarmed, however," he hastened to comfort her. "He's lost the race—the gates are shut—even the passenger gates—and there must be a company spotter somewhere near by, for the gatekeeper is virtuously refusing to be bribed by a roll of money as thick as my wrist!"

At that instant the taxicab rolled aboard the ferry boat; the deck gates were closed, a hoarse whistle rent the roaring silence of the city; winches rattled and chains clanked; and the boat was ponderously out of its slip.

"So much for Mr. Marrophat!" Alan crowed, sitting down. "Folled again! He can't stop us now!"

"Perhaps."

"Why that, perhaps? Why that tone?" he demanded sharply, struck by the foreboding her accents conveyed.

"This isn't the only ferry. There's the Pennsylvania and the Lackawanna—and by hard driving he might even manage to catch the boat that connects with this from the Christopher street ferry of the Erie!"

"Impossible! I don't believe it! I won't!"

"Let's not," she agreed. "But, Alan"

"Yes?"

"Promise me—if he should manage to catch up with us—you won't let him talk to you. I mean don't let him—"

"No fear of that!" he asserted hotly. "If he tries to exchange one word with me—I only wish he would!"

She seemed satisfied with that, but the incident had served appreciably to call their spirits. They accomplished the remainder of that voyage in a silence that was no less depressed because they sat hand in hand throughout.

Nor was their taxicab three minutes out of the ferry house on the Jersey shore—though the chauffeur, stimulated by Alan's extravagant promises, was doing his best to fracture the speed laws and escape arrest—when the girl's tears were amply justified: a shout from behind drew Alan's head out of the window on one side and the girl's on the other and proved to both that Marrophat had indeed found some way to make the crossing without great delay.

His touring car was within fifty yards when they first were aware of it; and Marrophat, standing on the running board, was shouting inarticulately and flourishing an imperative hand; while the distance between them was momentarily growing less noticeable.

As Marrophat's car drew abreast Alan nodded and said quietly: "Don't be alarmed; I can attend to this gentleman single-handed."

And this he proceeded to demonstrate with admirable ease, even though called upon to do so far sooner than he had thought to be—thanks to Marrophat's half-brained precipitancy. Nor, falling to influence the taxi driver by shouted demands or threats, or to gain the least attention from Alan, Trine's first lieutenant abruptly and surprisingly took his life in his hands and in one wild bound bridged the distance between the two flying cars and landed on the taxi's running-board.

"Stop!" he screamed madly. "Stop, I say! You don't know what you're doing! Let me tell you—"

He got that far but no farther. In the same breath Alan had swung wide the door and was at the fellow's throat. There was a struggle of negligible duration, Marrophat was in no way his antagonist's match; within three seconds he threw out both hands, clutched hopelessly at the framework of the cab, and fell heavily to the street.

The taxi sped on without pause, its driver deaf to the hails of innocent if indignant bystanders. Alan pulled himself together and looked back just in time to catch a glimpse of a number of loafers lifting Marrophat to his feet and helping him to the sidewalk of an unsavory-looking tenement, before the cab took a corner on two wheels.

"Not seriously injured, I fancy," he told the girl in response to her eager look. "Worse luck!" he added gloomily.

But it seemed that he was to have greater cause than this to complain of his luck, before that tide was ended. Three blocks further on a tire blew out with a report like a cannon's roar.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Ring.

Theirs was the last vehicle to swing between the gates before these last were closed.

And this was quite as well; for Alan, rising for one last backward glance through the rear window, started involuntarily and choked upon an exclamation when he discerned a powerful touring car tearing madly toward the ferry-house, its one passenger half rising from the front seat, beside the driver, and exhibiting a countenance purple with congested chagrin as he saw his car barred out of the carriage entrance.

Quickly sensitive to his emotion, the girl caught nervously at Alan's hand.

"What is it, dear?"

"Marrophat," she snapped.

"Don't be alarmed, however," he hastened to comfort her. "He's lost the race—the gates are shut—even the passenger gates—and there must be a company spotter somewhere near by, for the gatekeeper is virtuously refusing to be bribed by a roll of money as thick as my wrist!"

At that instant the taxicab rolled aboard the ferry boat; the deck gates were closed, a hoarse whistle rent the roaring silence of the city; winches rattled and chains clanked; and the boat was ponderously out of its slip.

"So much for Mr. Marrophat!" Alan crowed, sitting down. "Folled again! He can't stop us now!"

"Perhaps."

"Why that, perhaps? Why that tone?" he demanded sharply, struck by the foreboding her accents conveyed.

"This isn't the only ferry. There's the Pennsylvania and the Lackawanna—and by hard driving he might even manage to catch the boat that connects with this from the Christopher street ferry of the Erie!"

"Impossible! I don't believe it! I won't!"

"Let's not," she agreed. "But, Alan"

"Yes?"

"Promise me—if he should manage to catch up with us—you won't let him talk to you. I mean don't let him—"

"No fear of that!" he asserted hotly. "If he tries to exchange one word with me—I only wish he would!"

She seemed satisfied with that, but the incident had served appreciably to call their spirits. They accomplished the remainder of that voyage in a silence that was no less depressed because they sat hand in hand throughout.

Nor was their taxicab three minutes out of the ferry house on the Jersey shore—though the chauff

Sports

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Yesterday's Results.
 Cincinnati 4, Cincinnati 3.
 Cincinnati 4, Pittsburgh 1.
 Boston 1, Brooklyn 2.
 Boston 1, Brooklyn 5.
 New York 1, Philadelphia 0.
 Cincinnati 1, St. Louis 3.

Seven innings to catch train.

Standing of the Clubs.			Pct.
Boston	82	54	.601
New York	81	53	.602
St. Louis	81	52	.609
Cincinnati	78	56	.583
Brooklyn	74	57	.565
Philadelphia	72	59	.548
Pittsburgh	69	65	.514
Cincinnati	60	64	.480

Today's Schedule.
 Philadelphia at New York.
 Boston at Brooklyn (2).

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Yesterday's Results.
 Washington 2, Boston 3.
 Philadelphia 2, New York 0.

Standing of the Clubs.			Pct.
Philadelphia	88	52	.628
Boston	88	51	.633
Washington	80	52	.607
Detroit	80	53	.602
St. Louis	71	82	.464
Chicago	70	84	.452
New York	69	82	.452
Cleveland	51	102	.333

Today's Schedule.
 New York at Philadelphia.
 Washington at Boston.

FEDERAL LEAGUE

Yesterday's Results.
 Pittsburgh 3, Baltimore 1.
 Cincinnati 1, Baltimore 1.
 Chicago 2, Kansas City 0.
 Baltimore 1, Cleveland 1.
 Indianapolis 12, St. Louis 5.

Light rain, darkness.

SEASON OPENS

Freight House Defeats Machinists in B. & O. League.

The Freight House and the Machinists teams opened their season on the B. & O. League today. The Freight House team won two out of three from the Machinists. The Freight House was high total and also had the highest score, 115. The score:

MACHINISTS		
B. Miller	91	85
Reider	86	88
Arts	109	102
Forbes	79	72
Kennet	91	96
Steger	112	92
Total	146	181
FREIGHT HOUSE		
Condon	100	97
Lawrence	100	101
Whitney	92	102
Prayer	101	111
Shaw	95	111
Total	188	525

STANDING OF THE CLUBS			Pct.
Freight House	2	1	.667
Machinists	2	2	.500
South Power	0	0	.000
Ship	0	0	.000
Knives	0	0	.000
Yard	0	0	.000

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 To help you build your business, to let you know what is going on in your line and in all other lines, the First National Bank of Cincinnati issues a Monthly Report on fundamental business conditions throughout the country. You should have it. Mr. Business Men. Send your name and address to the bank—Adv.

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 PLANTEN'S
 C & C OF BLACK
 CAPSULE
 REMEDY FOR MEN.
 AT YOUR DRUGGIST.

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TUESDAY, OCT. 6

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Fay Foster Co.

Presenting a Real Classy Entertainment Headed by

HARRY Le CLAIR

FIELDS & ALLEN

THE MOON GIRL

Mlle. ELRAY

IN MASTERPIECES OF ART

Two Sensational Duettes

CLEOPATRA ISLE

AND

A Taste of Forbidden Fruit

30 DAINTY 30

DAZZLING DARLINGS

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The Girl from Paris in Latest Parisian Dances.

Prices 25, 50, 75c

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100% Pure Turkish Cigarettes

A Price
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COUPONSNO
COSTLY
BOXES25%
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'The
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In All the History of Turkish
 Cigarettes, No Value Like This Before!



Think of it! Twenty 100% Pure
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And the brand is Lord Salisbury!
 Famous high-class Turkish cigarettes that have sold for years at 10 for 10 cents in the regulation box package.

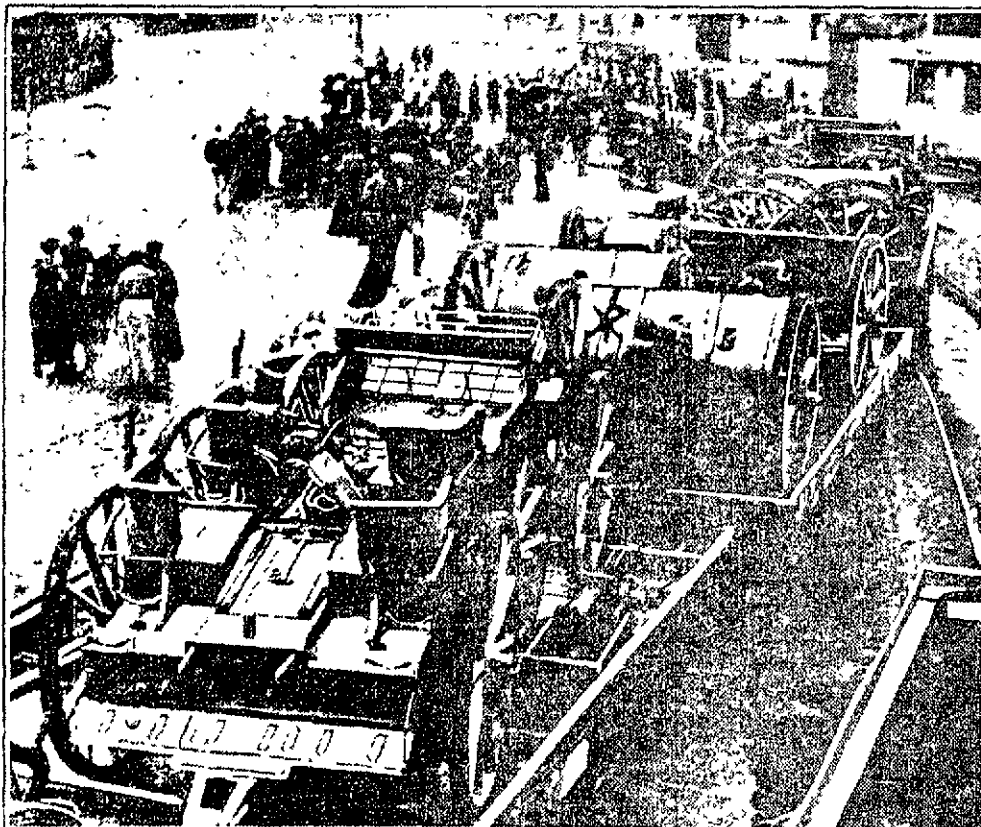
No Inserts, no Coupons, no costly Boxes—but the popular and inexpensive Foil Package—that's the explanation of this startling, epoch-making value.

25% Cash Saving with every package and a double quantity of these 100% pure Turkish Cigarettes.

In the New
 Foil Package 20 for 15c

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

Captured German Guns to be Exhibited
 To the Stay-at-Homes in English Towns



GERMAN GUNS CAPTURED BY BRITISH

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Designed to represent perfection in corsetry. Made in many different materials.

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\$3.50-\$5.00

\$6.50 to \$25

Special attention given to fitting Maternity Corsets and Maternity Negligees. Braisers for every type of figure.

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TOMORROW, WEDNESDAY, AFTERNOON AND NIGHT

THE TALANED ACTRESS

HAZEL DAWN

IN THE FOUR-REEL ACT DRAMA

"ONE OF OUR GIRLS"

THE TWO-REEL BISON FEATURE

"THE HIGHER LAW"

THE JOKER COMEDY

"LOVE AND GRAFT"

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A REAL CLASSY BILL.

5 and 10 CENTS.

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STORE OPENS AT 8 O'CLOCK, CLOSING DAILY AT 3:30 AND SATURDAYS 9 P. M.

Miss Harriet Huszach

EXPERT CORSETIERE OF THE H. W. GOSSARD CO.

Will demonstrate the merits of Gossard front-lacing corsets and fit your figure with any chosen model. Miss Huszach visits our store periodically, and is well known to many Conneltsville women. She brings corset models newly designed which you may select, have fitted, and sent to your address.

Her Days Here Are Wednesday and
 Thursday, October 7th and 8th.

The difference between this store and others is favorable to the shopper in many ways. Our merchandise is of a quality that gives long and lasting service; assortments are biggest and most varied; we choose carefully many things that other stores are unable to get; prices here are close-to-cost, fair to the goods, and the same to everybody. We buy from the best makers and profit by their efficiency in producing merchandise at the lowest cost. Our service is practical, intelligently directed and courteous. Our constant aim and endeavor is betterment in storekeeping. Such is the policy of this biggest store of dependable goods.

THE SECOND OF THE SERIES OF CAREFULLY PLANNED DRY GOODS STORE EXHIBITS WILL BE STAGED THIS WEDNESDAY FOR A BALANCE-OF-THE-WEEK RUN.

NEW DRESS GOODS
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OF THE SPLENDID SHOW AND YOU CAN DERIVE MUCH PLEASURE—AND NOTE MANY NEW IDEAS—BY ATTENDING.

Especially Good
NIGHT GOWNS
at 59c each

They are of flannellette, and not only is the quality exceptional, but the patterns are neat and pleasing. Another point of merit is the fullness and length of the garments. Sleeves are rightly proportioned and non-binding; necks are low, or with collars.

Pink and blue stripes on white. Sizes 15, 16 and 17.

All white night-gowns of full-napped flannellette are 59c each.

Muslin Night Gowns

With high necks and long sleeves; or V necks and three-quarter length sleeves are plain but for tucks and hemstitching, or prettily trimmed with laces, embroidery and ribbons. The textures are soft and weave-perfect and the cut and sewing can't be improved.

Prices are 50c, 55c to \$2, each, with the

ST. GARMENT

In regular and extra sizes.

Children's Gowns

Flannellette sleepers of color-striped flannellette, for 2 to 5 years old children, 25c to 50c. Plain gray sleepers, 50c each.

Night gowns all white or with colored stripes on white flannellette, 50c for sizes 1 to 8.

Muslin warm gowns in sizes 10 to 14 years, 45c for color-touched garments and 75c for white.

Second floor

Oliver Twist Suits for Boys

SOME ARE \$1. AND 1.50 EACH.

—The \$1. suit is heavy shirting—the pants solid color and the waist striped; another combines tan khaki and striped shirting. A suit at 1.50 has a waist of striped wool flannel and pants of heavy galathea.

Rompers of good gingham are Oliver Twist style and 49c each.

These garments are for indoor Winter wear.

Suits of Velvet and Serge, \$5.

—An out-door Winter costume for boys 2½ to 9 years old. One combination is velvet and plaid flannel; another is serge and shepherd check waistings.

New Winter Suits For Small Boys.

The styles are Eton, Sailor and Russian blouse—some with straight pants and all for boys to 9 years old. \$3.50 to \$5.

Boys' Woolen School Suits, 2.50.

We've picked these from stock-broken assortments, one of a size, odds and fews. Some have Norfolk coats, but the most of the collection is plain coat style. They make serviceable school suits, being standard Wright-Metzler quality. Sizes 6 to 17 years.

"Macanaw" is the New Coat.

for boys 5 to 17 years old. They are warm, light-weight and rain won't penetrate. Reester length, belted and with wide collars. Colorings are rich and unusual and the patterns are plain, mixed or overplaid. Macanaws are \$5 each; with a matched cap, 5.50.

Other Style Coats For Boys.

Long overcoats, reesters, Balmacaans and slip-ons for little fellows and big boys. Generally, the garments have raglan sleeves, military or notch collars, and most of them are rain-proofed. Plenty of gray tones; and blue, brown and mixed effects. The fabrics are all-wool, soft or close woven, warm but not bulky and perfect all the way through. Priced \$4. to \$15.

New Hats Have Just Come In.

Now we have almost a dozen decidedly different styles for the tot and boys 7 to 16 years old. Shepherd check wools, plaid worsteds, plain velvets, corduroys and felts, plush, zibelins and novelty weaves. Crowns, taper, are round, or telescoped and the brims turn down or tip at front or side. Bright feathers decorate some of the hats for tiny tots.

We've a fine assortment at 50c each; from that they go, in easy stages, to 1.50.

Separate Trousers for Boys

—of corduroy, 50c and \$1.00; lined serge, \$1.00 and 1.50; fancy serge, worsted, cheviot, cassimere and other weaves, 50c 75c to \$2. Sizes are 3 to 18 years.

WRIGHT-METZLER CO.